

Abomination

by evil older sister

Category: Clive Barker', Teen Wolf

Genre: Family, Horror

Language: English

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2016-04-12 15:27:02

Updated: 2016-04-12 15:27:02

Packaged: 2016-04-27 18:14:31

Rating: T

Chapters: 1

Words: 8,963

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: Spoilers up to 'Abomination'. When Scott hung up on Stiles he set in motion events that he couldn't have predicted. Please be warned that while I was not particularly graphic this is a crossover with Clive Barker's Hellraiser series so assume cannon level violence for that. It is complete at the moment. This is vaguely Sterek but nothing truly overt.

Abomination

Stiles

The moment that Scott hung up on him Stiles knew what was going to happen. What he was going to have to do to get him and Derek out of here alive. He only hoped it was with their sanities intact.

The phone sunk into the pool, abandoned and forgotten, he had to get to Derek. Getting them both to the surface made the fatigue in his muscles grow to unbearable proportions. He couldn't afford to wait any longer.

"Did you get ahold of Scott?" Derek demanded after sucking in a breath.

"He hung up on me" Stiles answered with his focus narrowing down. "I have one more thing I can try."

"Is it going to involve me sinking to the bottom of the pool again?" Derek asked sarcastically.

"No" Stiles answered absently "But you'll probably wish it did. Are you able to get a claw out?"

"What?"

"Your claws, can you extend them?"

"Why do you need my claws?" Derek demanded.

Stiles rolled his eyes, even though he knew the Sourwolf couldn't see him. "Because I need a cutting edge and don't exactly have my knife with me."

"And you think have something to cut with will save us?" Any other time Stiles would appreciate Derek's fine grasp of derision and sarcasm. Not now though.

"I know it will save us from that thing and drowning. Whether we'll be better or worse off I don't have a clue."

The honesty of that answer clearly threw Derek slightly. "Fine" he sighed and under the water Stiles saw his claws descend.

"Thank you. And, uh, just in case this makes things worse. I'm sorry for this."

There was a bit of awkward maneuvering to get both his hands free, hold Derek up, and keep treading water. Finally, though, with his arms wrapped around the paralyzed man, he was able to take one of Derek's clawed hands in his. Then he drove it straight into his own free hand. Blood immediately poured from the wound, staining the water around them red and releasing the taste of copper into their mouths and noses.

Derek's hoarse curse was cut off when Stiles took one of Derek's fingers, coated in Stiles blood, to carve a small symbol on Derek's forehead. Right over his third eye. "For protection" Stiles murmured. Then he started to carve a far more intricate symbol on his own face.

Derek

The shock kept him quiet in the growing cloud of bloody water. Of all the things that Stiles could have done, nothing could have surprised Derek more. Not even Stiles letting Derek die.

Though paralyzed he could still feel the movement of his hand being used to carve something. As claw cut into flesh something strange began to happen. The walls of the pool room darkened and stretched. An eerie tune began to play and light from nowhere reflected off the water. Derek could still see the lizard creature, could still hear it hissing. His focus abruptly shifted when he felt something that was clearly not Stiles brush against him. There was something in the water with them.

A bell began to toll over the strange tune. Derek could feel fear zip through him. Steps echoed from everywhere as someone approached the pool they were in.

"Such desperation" a woman's voice sounded sweetly from behind them. "It's delicious."

Stiles gripped him tighter and the thing that was in the pool with them brushed past him again. "Hello Mom" Stiles said.

"Mieczyslaw" The woman's voice greeted warmly. "You seem to have gotten yourself into some trouble. Let's get you two out of that

pool, hmm."

The sound of metal flying through the air sung in his ears. Stiles let out a pained cry and tightened his hold on Derek as they were dragged from the water. Still unable to move Derek stared straight ahead, propped up by Stiles body underneath him. And what he saw was odd. Not right.

The woman had brown curly hair, chopped raggedly at chin length. Her face was a bit pale, but not overly so. She was smiling at the two of them, amused, and her dark eyes were unreadable. That was the only part of her that was even remotely normal. Below her neck was like something out of a nightmare. The skin from her clavicle to the swell of her breast had been pulled back and away, forced into a form he couldn't see from this angle. Spikes broke from her skin in a straight line down both arms, each leaking blood and pus. Her hands were claws. Her body was covered in a painful looking amalgamation of skin, metal and leather. He took in her scent and wished he hadn't. Somehow at once revolting and pleasant she smelled like a mix of pain, leather, metal, pleasure and faintly of perfume chemicals.

"What do we have?" Another voice, higher but male, sounded from behind them. An accented "What's your pleasure, Sir?" rang out. The voice asked him, begged him to answer. It called for an answer.

"No" Stiles voice barked, panicked, from behind him. "He's mine. I claim him and no one else will touch him."

The woman laughed, sounding delighted. "You have truly picked a strong one, son. We could feel his despair even without a schism. It will be delicious when he finally breaks. Don't you think?"

The last part was said almost to the side. And then from the shadows stepped another figure. Taller than the woman the male was chalk white. More horrifying was the inch-long nails sticking out of his head at even intervals. Like the woman he was dressed in leather and metal bonded painfully to flesh.

"You have indeed chosen to love well." He commented in an emotionless rasp. "It is such an exquisite agony as you will soon see."

"Let's see what our son has gifted us with this time." The woman said, turning to face the lizard creature still hissing in the background. It was amazing to think the Derek had just about forgotten it was there for all that he was still paralyzed by its venom. With her back turned Derek could now see the shape of the pulled back skin. The flesh of her front combined with the strips peeled from her back around a framework of metal and yet more leather to create a grotesque play at wings.

She walked over to the creature fearlessly and it shrank from her. Derek didn't blame it. The male, whatever they were, just turned. He made no move to close the distance, simply watched. "Poor Little Kanima" He murmured, "All alone without your master. I can see your fear, little lizard, your confusion. I can see into the heart of you."

A kanima, that explained a lot. Still unable to move he could only watch as the woman closed in on the abomination. She seemed to peer

into the air around the scaled creature. "Hmm, it seems you won't have to be separated from your Master for too long, little lizard." She said, her tone almost comforting. She flicked her wrist and a bloodied chain shot from nowhere out into the darkness. A scream of pain and another boy was dragged from the shadows. Derek could see blood from where the chain shredded the skin of the boy's arm.

"Foolish boy" the Pinhead rasped, "don't you know that soul bonds go both ways. Such a connection is not so easily broken."

While the Pinhead had was scolding the boy the woman continued to coo at the kanima. "Oooh, such pain in you, little lizard. Such longing. Your soul yearns to belong. Don't worry little one, loneliness is the one agony you will never feel again. Now let's see who you are, unimpeded."

Derek had never heard a lizard scream before but that is what happened as the woman put her hand lightly on its chest. The scales melted off like wax leaving a bewildered Jackson Whittemore standing there panting.

"What's happening? Where are we?" He asked, frightened and pale.

The woman caulked her head, regarding Jackson "I rememberâ€|you used to push my boy in the mud."

Jackson's eyes swung around to look at her, "Mrs. Stilâ€|AHHHHHHHHHH" Jackson screamed as he fully took in her form.

"You will be his pet." The woman decided with a sharp nod. "A welcome gift for him and his chosen when they are finally ready to come home." There was no movement or gesture but a chain shot from the shadows to wrap like a collar around the boy's neck. He was dragged into the darkness still screaming.

Meanwhile the Pinhead had backed the other boy to the edge of the pool through sheer stare alone, it appeared that he was waiting for the woman to finish before he continued speaking. "Matthew Daehler. What an interesting specimen you are, so lucky to have found death at such an early age."

"What are you?"

"I am and explorer of experience. A demon to some. An angel to others."

"Where am I? How do you know my name?" The boy gasped out. He was backed almost to the edge of the pool, terror etched on his face.

"I know many things Matthew. I know of your first death. Your rage and fear. I know of your plans for revenge against your tormentors. It was somewhat inspired and we could have taught you much. However, you made a mistake, a grievous one in fact."

"You really shouldn't have given our son cause to call us." The woman who might be Stiles' mother continued joyously. Then she reached out and shoved the boy.

Like it was some kind of signal the surface of the pool erupted.

Tentacles of all sorts shot from the pool to wrap around the boy. Some even seemed like human hands dragging him back. Matthews screams of terror cut off in a wet gurgle as he disappeared over the edge of the pool.

The monstrosities turned back to Derek and Stiles, still laying on the floor. Derek could feel Stiles' heart beating steadily against his back. Strangely though he did not seem panicked or struggling to get away.

"Not much longer" the woman whispered. The Pinheaded man remained silent as the grave. He moved neither slow nor fast toward them. "You always do bring us such thoughtful gifts, my son." She smiled down at them. Somehow the kind smile was even more terrifying than the Pinhead's blank visage.

Stiles shifted beneath him, "You got them then?" He asked, slightly breathless. Excited, almost.

Pinhead nodded regally, "Oh, yes. Fine specimens. Peter will be a masterpiece when finished and Kateâ€¦her suffering will be legendary even in hell."

The phrase made the woman smile, large and happy. She looked down at Derek with frightening kindness in her eyes. "Talia was a friend of mine. You take after her. Now I am going to give you both a gift for such a bounty of beautiful, broken souls."

She bent down, her false wings shifting stiffly with the movement. She pressed a single claw against Derek's chest and pushed. He screamed in agony, half hearing Stiles scream as well. He could feel her unnaturally long claw push through his back and all the way into Stiles as well. It seemed to last forever. Then between one moment and the next it was over.

Derek found himself laying onto of Stiles in the pool room. He could move save for them and the unconscious Erica the room was empty. The pool was clear without a trace of blood. He scrambled off Stiles. Any questions he had were put on hold when Scott suddenly burst into the room and Erica groaned lowly.

"Dude" Scott all but bellowed into the echoing space. "Why didn't you answer your phone. It's important. I have the Bestiary." He pulled Stiles to a stand and out of the room. From what Derek could hear as he went to help Erica, Scott was -Ironically enough- haranguing Stiles about not picking up his phone when Scott needed him.

They got outside to see Scott plug a thumb drive into a laptop. Stiles was hovering off to one side, looking agitated. It was then that Derek realized there were no visible wounds on him. Not even the hand that Derek had watched him stab or the place that should have had a hole from the woman's finger.

It appeared that the two were still talking in tones low enough that Derek couldn't hear them.

"Watch out for Stiles." He murmured to Erica.

"Why?" She asked, for once not an ounce of belligerence. Good, she felt it too.

"Can't you feel it. He's Pack. The bond is faint and new but it is there."

Erica

Before Erica could say a word Stile reeled back as if he had been slapped. Hurt and fury began to radiate off of him. "What did you just say?" His voice rose in volume and pitch.

In response Scott's voice rose as well. "I'm just saying. What if Allison or I had been in trouble. You really should pick up your phone."

She felt the pull of the pack bond. The need to comfort her pack mate. Only the knowledge that she would have made things worse kept her still. Derek growled, low and dangerous, in Scott's direction. The crooked jawed boy either didn't hear or didn't care.

"He'll be good for the pack." She said finally to distract her Alpha from doing something to make the fragile bond shatter. "He's strong and very protective of his people."

There was one thing that every person in Beacon Hills High knew. There were certain lines that one didn't cross when it came to Stiles' people. Erica had watched during the days of her crush. Stiles was like the embodiment of an asshole catâ€¦that could transform into a raging tiger. He truly did not give a shit about most people, but once you were once of hisâ€¦well there was a reason that no one had said a word about Scott's asthma attacks since the second grade. If she had been one of Stiles' people, then no one would have dared to post that video of her having an epileptic fit.

The strangest thing was that most teasing never even seemed to register with the hyperactive boy. Nor could someone buy their way into his protection. But there was an invisible line and once someone had crossed it retribution would be swift and it would be brutal. And though Stiles looked angrier at Scott than he ever had before she just knew that Derek attacking the other boy would be crossing a line. Their pack would not survive if that happened.

Derek made a noise of agreement as they both watched Stiles storm off. "Go tell Isaac and Boyd. I need to talk to Stiles" was all he said. Then he was gone.

Stiles

By the time Stiles made it home his clothes were dry and stiff with Chlorine. Luckily his dad wasn't home to ask questions about where he had been during the game. After Scott he couldn't handle having to lie to his dad again.

Sore and tired though he was Stiles was not surprised to see Derek in his room when he got upstairs. The older man looked at him like he wanted to slam Stiles against the wall for answers but also kind of like he didn't. Stiles couldn't help but snort at the look of angry confusion on Sourwolf's face.

"I shoulda figured you'd be here." He sighed even as he sat down in

his desk chair. Derek's clothes looked just as stiff as Stiles' clothes felt. Rather than uncomfortable though Derek seemed to be entirely focused on whether he wanted answers or to beat Stiles bloody.

"What was that?" The man growled.

Stiles thought of making a sarcastic remark, or playing dumb, but this night has been just shitty enough that it might actually get his throat ripped out.

"They're called Cenobites" he answered finally. "It's a long explanation."

"I have time." Derek growled again.

"Look most of what I know is based on research or my mind filling in the blanks. Some of it I hope is not true, but probably is. I meanâ€|"

"Stiles" the older man barked.

Stiles let out the air in his lungs in a rush. "Right. Staying on track. First thing first. Alternate dimensions are a thing. Not just the normal every choice you make splits off another world type but also the type that are nothing like ours. Each have their own rules like we have the gravity constant or death or taxes. In the dimension the Cenobites come from pleasure and pain are interchangeable. Everything I've found points to either being the basis for the Christian Hell or that it was renamed Hell at some point after the Christian one was described. I can't tell."

"You called beings from Hell." Derek's voice conveyed how much of an idiot he thought Stiles was.

"That's why it was a last resort." Stiles snapped back. "I had no way of knowing if Mom would even remember who I was let alone have enough sentiment for me not to immediately tear us both a part."

"You're the child of one of theseâ€|Cenobites?"

Stile flailed a little, "Kind of? It's ridiculously complicated but my mom was human when she gave birth to me. I think but can actually prove that they were all human once."

"Stiles. Tell me."

"Fine" Stiles huffed, "Different dimensions. Hell for lack of better name can only interact with our world at the site of a schism, or an action to tear a hole between the two. Hell apparently does not have birth or death like ours does so the only way to get new Cenobites is to bring residents of our realm to theirs and convert them. According to the research human depravity weakens the fabric between the two realms until a schism can form. It can be a place, object or action. I found a topiary maze in Berlin, an origami exercise developed by the Marque de Sade, a passage read from a book in the Vatican, and others. The most powerful is a puzzle box created by a French toy maker. According to my research it is so powerful that it can even send the Cenobites back without the soul they came for, but that might just be legend."

"You didn't use any of those."

"No. I used a Aztec symbol carved into my face. According to legend it was the personal symbol of an Aztec high priest who lived for nearly 150 years. He would carve that symbol onto his sacrifices before ritually torturing them. The lucky ones died after a few days after being forced to eat parts of their own internal organs. I won't say what the unlucky ones had to endure."

"Thanks" Somehow Derek's voice managed to convey both sarcasm and sincerity as the wolf's skin looked a tad paler.

"When my mother was 19 her uncle Frank vanished without a trace from the home he had inherited from his parents. He had bought the Puzzle Box, called the Lament Configuration, solved it and was dragged to Hell. Her father and step mother moved into the house and accidentally brought Frank back."

"What? How?"

"Apparently there was a little bit of his flesh left in this realm and when a blood relative, my maternal grandfather, accidentally soaked it in blood it allowed Frank to escape mostly. He still needed more blood so Julia tricked businessmen into their attic where Frank could murder them to fully regain his body. My mom stumbled upon the puzzle box and solved it then brought the Cenobites, led by Pinhead, to Frank in exchange for her release. By this point Frank and Julia had murdered her father. The cenobites took Julia, retook Frank and then tried to take my mom. She sent them back to Hell with the puzzle box. The thing is opening a schism and surviving leaves a mark. It's called being Hell touched."

"Hell touched?"

"Yes. There aren't many who survive so not much is known about it. I do know that we're more likely to be drawn to schisms, to be pulled into the Hell dimension. The more times you encounter a schism the more pronounced it gets. I only ever heard of one person who's lived through three encounters with the Cenobites. My mom. The second time she encounter the box was while she was committed so she could deal with the bloody disappearance of her father and step mother. There was a doctor there that had studied the Lament Configuration and wanted to observe someone opening it. He tricked a young mute girl into it and my mom was pulled in again. She escaped with her life with the help of Pinhead, whom she reminded that he had been human once. The third time she encountered the box it was because her fiancÃ© wanted a way to kill her. She had made the mistake of telling him about what had happened. She made a deal with Pinhead six souls, including her fiancÃ©, for her freedom. But only if she delivered them personally."

"I can see where you get your pragmatic nature from." Derek commented drily.

"Aww, Sourwolf, you noticed. It's not like Mom went out and chose just anyone. She picked four of her fiancÃ©'s mistresses, the man he had conspired with to kill her and the fiancÃ©. But apparently coming into contact with the Hell realm three times and still returning leaves some interesting side effects. She began to dream of the

Pinhead. I know my mom fell in love. I think that Pinhead felt his own love. Eventually I was conceived. There must have been a problem. I think it's because no one has ever seen a cross dimensional conception. There's no concept of birth in the Cenobites world, for all that they were human once and without the necessary steps on this side my mom could not get pregnant. In order for me to be born mom needed to find a human man with which to have me with. She found my dad and chose to marry him instead of simply having a one-night stand. She knew that she would be going to Hell sooner rather than later."

"How could you possibly know that?" Derek asked.

"She visited me in a dream after she died. Told me some, said she wouldn't be able to come to me again. It was too much power. I didn't even know for sure it was real until tonight." Derek raised an unimpressed eyebrow. "I did say last resort didn't I?"

"And you claiming me?"

Stiles winced slightly, this was not going to go over well. "To them it means that I, or my parents, are the only ones allowed to remake you. To break you and reshape you into a Cenobite. The closest wolfy equivalent would be mates, I think. Except not really."

"Ok. I going to go out on limb and say the reason we both are so calm has something to do with your mom shove her finger through our chests."

Stiles nodded his head, inexplicably pleased that Derek got it. "Probably. We're still gonna want to keep an eye out for weird behavior cause gift from a Cenobite can mean just about anything."

Derek nodded, "the Kanna and its master, will they be back? And what was your mom talking about with Argent and Peter?"

Stiles was already shaking his head, "No, I don't think they'd be able to make it back. As for Peter and Kate. I, uh, I may have offered their souls up to my parents while I was chucking Molotovs at them. I wasn't sure it would work but figured it wouldn't hurt anything. Actually them making a point of mentioning Kate Argent like that probably means that they approve of you."

"I am not really sure about I feel about being approved of by your Cenobite parents."

"That is entirely understandable. Really I get it. Anything else you want to know because, dude, I really want to sleep."

"No but I did want to tell you that a pack bond formed with you."

"From tonight?" If Stiles was honest with himself than he would be disappointed with a yes. Because just about everything about tonight was suspect with mom's 'gift'.

"No, though it is strong enough for the Beta's to feel now. So expect more affectionate behavior from them as they try to strengthen the bond."

"More touchy-feely from the triplets, got it. Anything else, Oh wise Alpha?"

Derek snorted, "We train at the abandoned depot at the far end of town after practice, be there." In three quick strides he had wrapped Stiles in a hug, rubbed their cheeks together then was out the window before Stiles could react.

Stiles

The next day it was lunchtime before Stile saw any of his new pack members. Scott had wandered up and blathered about how the Argents had given him the official ok to date Allison again. Then he walked away toward his girlfriend without a thought. That had been at the very beginning of the day and Stiles hasn't been able to speak to his best friend since.

Not long after he had sat down for lunch Boyd, Erica and Isaac came and grouped around him. There was some sort of weird shuffling and reshuffling of seats that basically amounted to all three of them rubbing up against him far more than necessary.

"Well, was it good for you?" he asked sardonically after they had settled. Erica snorted, Isaac looked faintly embarrassed but pleased, and Boyd looked as impassive as ever.

Out of the corner of is eyes Stiles saw Scott enter the cafeteria with Allison. He looked around and smiled when he saw Stiles. Scott took two steps forward before he realized who Stiles was sitting with. The crooked jaw boy looked faintly betrayed as he let Allison lead him to a table with a furious looking Lydia and several of the redhead's cohort.

"Well the smell is better, now" Erica teased with a grin.

"Hey" he shot back, faux offended. "I happen to smell like pure awesomeness. Lesser smells need not apply."

"Not just you, us too" Isaac corrected softly. "You're Pack so you not smelling like us or us not smelling like you isâ€¦wrong."

Stiles thinks about that for a moment than shrugs his shoulders and rolls with it. That was not the weirdest thing he had to deal with this past week. In fact, all things considered scent sharing is actually pretty tame. "Works for me, dude. Just no gratuitous violence and sexy-times have to be by request only."

Erica's eyes light up in a way that he knows will spell trouble for him late, or now. "Sooo Stiles" she purred, "Derek told us that he knows what's been killing people and that it's been taken care of. He won't tell us anything else. Care to comment?"

"On the fact that Derek knows what's going on or that he won't tell you?"

"He said it wasn't his secret to tell." Boyd said.

"And he didn't know anything before he met with you yesterday. So spill."

Stiles regarded them, his new pack mates. They didn't know what they were asking. "I'll tell you some, not all of it. But not here. Too many ears listening."

Like a magnet his eyes were drawn back to Scott. The boy was standing with his girlfriend and her grandfather. Just talking but for some reason the image sent a chill down his spine.

"That is not going to end well." He muttered to the others.

Line-Line-Line

Stiles hated being right sometimes. It had been four weeks since the pool. Scott had followed Allison around faithfully. Her Grandfather appeared to take him under his wing. Stiles and he had fought over it, over Stiles inability to trust Allison or her family. They had also fought about his growing pack bond with the Hale pack and the fact that he wouldn't give them up. Stiles trained with them now, he may not be a match for werewolf strength but he was cunning and an out of the box thinker.

He had also convinced all four of them to sign up for self-defense classes with him. It had taken about four metric tons of research but he had done it. It worked too. The classes were centered around using the other person's momentum, not your own strength against them. It was something even Derek sorely needed.

Then three days ago Boyd and Erica had gone missing. The two had been on a date and simply vanished. Stiles, Isaac, and Derek were frantic. As were Erica's parents and Boy's grandfather. Four hours ago Allison had approached him outside the theater where the two disappeared. She had been wide eyed, teary, and said she knew where his pack mates were. She could lead him to them. He was so frantic that he ignored his distrust of all things Argent and made the mistake of following her.

One rag full of chloroform across his face and it was good night Stiles.

He had woken cuffed to a desk in a dark basement. Boyd and Erica were chained up across from him, their bodies twitching with electricity. Then Gerard and his hunters descended.

They wanted information he wouldn't give and were not afraid to hurt him to do it. His mother's gift became more apparent during the questioning. No matter how painful the torture was, and it was excruciating, Stiles couldn't lose himself in the pain. He couldn't black out, couldn't lose time. His head was clear. He kept the focus on himself, made sure that to be as insulting as possible to keep attention from his pups.

Finally, the hunters left with an ominous comment about how Scott was going to lead Isaac and Derek right into a slaughter. Gerard, the last one out, leered at them and made a crack about how they might want to submit when he was an Alpha.

As soon as the footsteps faded and he was sure that they were alone Stiles enacted the plan he had come up with in the last hour. After

they had pulverized his hand. Panting and gasping for breath he pulled at the worse of his two hands. They had smashed the bones so thoroughly that it was barely more than a swollen sack of meat and nerve endings. Inch by agonizing inch, with Erica sobbing in time with him and Boyd shaking in silence, he tugged and he pressed and he worked his hand free.

They hadn't searched him, probably thought that as a human he wasn't much of threat, so while Gerard had taken and smashed his first cell phone the emergency one was right in the inner pocket of his pants. It was even more excruciating to grasp the phone than it was to pull his hand free.

"Don't worry when they get here" he panted at Boyd and Erica, "B-B-Because you are bitten rather than born the-the electricity will slow your healing for a few weeks. They won't notice you aren't human."

The duo had not chance to ask what was going on as with a pained gasping cry he flopped his ruined hand and the phone onto the desk. He couldn't hold down the speed dial or press enough buttons to call anyone. As it was he could barely press the 9-1-1. He had long before given up any pretense of crying and couldn't hold in the sob that erupted when the operator picked up.

"911. What is your emergency?" Karen, it was Karen. Thank goodness someone who knew his voice.

"K-K-Karen" he gasped, "We-we need help. Please."

"Stiles?" she gasped, "Oh sweetie. We've all been so worried. Do you know where you are?"

"Basement. We-We're in a basement. They had Erica and Boyd and their gonna hurt Derek and Isaac. You have to help. Please."

"Okay, I'm tracking your call now, we're going to have people to help you soon, sweetie. Do you know who took you?"

"Argent. The Argents. I shouldn't have trusted her. She said she knew where they were and I trusted her and it hurts, Karen, it hurts."

"It's alright. I'm going to stay on the phone with you. They'll be there soon to get you. You said Boyd and Erica are with you?"

"Yes. Yes, they're chained up. I can't get up. Can't get them out."

"It's alright. Stiles, you need to just breathe for me, ok? Rescue's almost to your location. We'll get them out."

Stiles was half sobbing half panting, on the edge of a panic attack now that they would be safe soon. But they had to check on the others. "S-s-someone needs to save Derek and Isaac. They went to hurt them."

"I'm sending someone now, sweetheart. We'll make sure your friends are safe, ok? Just keep breathing for me, Stiles. There you go. That's a good lad."

Now Stiles could hear sirens in the distance, growing closer and louder. Through the half covered window he saw the red and blue lights. They were safe.

John Stilinski

There are times a parent deeply regrets their words. Usually those words were spouted in anger or frustration; John didn't have that luxury. John had never regretted conversation as much as he did sitting in the hospitals waiting room. His son was somewhere in the hospital as they tried to figure what injuries to treat first. And the worst part was the conversation had nothing to do with anger, his words were actually reasonable and still they led to this.

It did not take a trained investigator to realize that Stiles and Scott no longer hung out the way they used to. It also didn't take the gossips in Beacon Hills long to pick up the fact that four teenagers, including the Sheriffs son, were hanging around with a 21-year-old who had been accused of murder. Twice.

When he had confronted his son about it, Stiles hadn't even denied it. He talked about finding four new friends just after losing Scott. He talked about A 21-year-old who was suffering and unhappy but trying to build a family. About Epileptic girl, an abused boy, and an invisible teen. Then he talked about Scott and his girlfriend. How he didn't trust her or her family, how they fought and how it worried him.

John is ashamed to admit that he brushed Stiles' concerns aside. As far as anyone could see the Argents were an upstanding bunch and, well. The people who Stiles was hanging around with looked much worse. Gang activity was whispered about more than once. The whispers only seemed to increase when two of them vanished.

And where did that leave him. His son, tortured in the Argents basement. Two of his friends, the very people who John had contemplated just writing off as runaways, hooked to a car battery by those same people. The voice of his son, sobbing with pain, and fearing for the lives of their other two friends. Two friends that were sitting with Erica and Boyd just across the waiting room.

The had rushed in about fifteen minutes after the duo had been cleaned up, been cleared, and had their statements taken. Derek Hale had looked almost feral, panicky and terrified. Isaac Lahey didn't look much better. Erica had all but shoved her parents out of the way and thrown herself at the two, Boyd only a step behind. Now they huddled together, waiting on the same news as John. As long as he lived John would never forget the fear in Derek's eyes and voice as he asked about Stiles. Or the tears as Erica related what happened in the basement. Isaac all but howled at her words and Boyd had been silent, hunched in on himself with apparent shame.

It was clear that he had badly misjudged the situation. That was something he would rectify.

He was drawn from his contemplations by the entrance of Jacob Marks, the deputy in charge of the case. As soon as they realized that Stiles being missing was connected to the Reyes/Boyd case John had handed the case over. As much as it burned him not to be the one to

interrogate the son of a bitch that hurt his son he wanted the charges to stick more.

The deputy moved toward him and together they stepped out of earshot of the kids, no need to make things worse.

"What's happened?"

The deputy sighed, "The old man isn't talking, neither are the parents. The girl said some things before her lawyer arrived and Scott McCall is talking up a storm. We had to show him picture of Stiles injuries before he would believe that the Argents could do any harm though."

Something about the deputy's demeanor set Johns teeth on edge. "What is it?"

"It's messed up. What McCall is saying. What the Argent girl said. She told us that Hale is a monster and that other four are collateral because it's too late for them but she would keep Scott from becoming a like them. McCall insists that Hale is a monster and that the Argents are helping him. To keep him from becoming a monster so that he can save Stiles from the same fate. After we showed him the pictures he told us that Kate Argent admitted to him and Allison that she set the Hale fire before she died."

"Jesus."

"It gets worse. He's still insisting that Derek Hale is the monster. That he needs to be killed before he turns anyone else into a monster. He's also insisting that the Argents were simply trying to keep everyone safe. Whatever they told him, screwed him up. Badly." Out of the corner of his eyes he watched Derek all but curl into a ball while the others tried to comfort him. Boyd was staring directly at them and he wondered if the boy could read lips.

Lydia

She was dreaming, she knew that. Surrounded by darkness as she was there was no doubt. Voices surrounded her; some murmuring, some screaming.

"Help me" she heard in familiar tones. Jackson. He had been missing for a month. No one knew where he was or what had happened to him or Matt Daehler.

"Jackson?" she asked the darkness of her dreams.

"Help me" Jackson called again.

"Jackson? Where are you?" She screamed.

"Do you want him back?" A voice purred in her ear.

Lydia whipped around to see a brunette woman before her.

"Who are you? How can I help Jackson?"

The woman smiled, slow and sharp. "My name" she said with a very faint French accent, "is Angelique. And I can help you. If you let

me."

Stiles

When Stiles came back to consciousness the first time it was to the fuzzy feeling that accompanied the good drugs. After few tries he managed to open his eyes to see his dad passed out on a chair next to his bed. He took in just enough to know that the rest of his pack was spread out around the room in various states of consciousness. He tried to shift only to find both his arms and hand bound in some kind of tractions. Before he could say a word or alert anyone to the fact he was awake he fell asleep again.

When he came around again it was daylight. His dad was still there, awake this time. His head was less fuzzy but his hands were still in contraptions of gauze and metal.

"Whaâ€¢!?" He managed over a dry throat.

"Shhh. It's alright Stiles" His dad murmured as he helped him take a drink.

"Dad? The others?" He asked. The only reason he wasn't struggling to sit up was frankly he wasn't sure he could make his limbs move.

"Erica and Boyd are fine, superficial wounds only. We picked up the Argents before they could get to Derek or Isaac so they weren't hurt at all. Isaac, Erica, and Boyd are in school right now and I just sent Derek home to catch a shower and some sleep."

"Scott?" He asked. He hated himself for it, for needing to know after everything but he did.

The sheriff's face went through a complex frown at the other boy's name. "Scott isâ€¢ physically fine but very screwed up. Derek offered the name of the psychiatrist he talked to after his family died. Melissa took the referral and we were able to make arrangements for his probation to be served in New York."

"Probation?"

Stiles' dad let out an explosive sigh, "Unlike Allison Argent, Scott hadn't done anything overtly illegal so the only thing we could hold him on was an accessory charge. We probably wouldn't have even had that save for the fact that Melissa insisted he plead guilty. He needs help, much more than any of us can give. Derek recommended this doctor specifically because she had dealt with Argent related trauma before, he also offered an apartment for the two of them and to try and help Melissa get a job in the city." Stiles would be that she also knew about werewolves and had likely told Melissa so. "Stiles, I am so sorry."

"Dad?" Stiles blamed the medication he was clearly still on for the fact he was reduced to one or two word answers but his mind felt like frozen molasses right now.

"I-I didn't believe you. When you warned me about the Argents. I tried to convince you to ditch your friends. And you paid the price for it."

The way he was laying kept him from being able to shrug like he wanted to and for a moment he wished for eyebrows as expressive as Derek. Which was an all together weird image. "I know what it looked like" He said finally. He did too, a 21-year-old handing around with 16-year-olds who were suddenly dressing in leather and the included the Sheriff's only son. He knew exactly what that looked like, never mind that he was pretty sure that Derek had a bit of arrested development going on or the werewolf thing.

"And I'm a trained investigator. I should have at least looked into things."

"What happened with them? The Argents, I mean?" Stiles asked to change the subject. It said something about the state of his universe when the less worrying subject was the family of psychotic hunters.

"Chris and Victoria Argent have agreed to plead guilty to kidnapping and testify against Gerard for leniency toward Allison. As far as we can determine they truly had no idea that you were being tortured but were aware that Boyd and Erica were there. Under the terms of the agreement Allison is has been admitted to a Juvenile Psychiatric facility in Nevada that is rated one of the best in the country so she can get the help she needs. Gerard Argent is currently ignoring any attempt for a plea bargain against the advice of his counsel. He's currently being held without bail for Kidnapping, Assault and Battery, Endangerment of a minor, Assault of a minor, and Unlawful imprisonment. Unfortunately, we can't prove that he knew about the Hale fire."

"I'm betting 20 years."

His dad snorted, "I'm holding out hope for a Life sentence. But chances are he'll be gone within the next six months anyway. He has stage 4 Cancer."

"Huh"

Chris Argent

Coming back to consciousness was particularly unpleasant. Not that there had been many pleasant moments in the last few months. Arriving home to find the police crawling all over his house had actually been the most positive moment in the since that night. Finding out his father had been stupid enough to take the Sheriff's son, a human boy, had left him feeling betrayed. Their code was supposed to prevent things like that.

Unfortunately, just about the only thing their code is good for anymore is screwing them over. He had been in prison for a week before word was sent from the Hunter's Council. Now that they knew about Kate's involvement in the Hale fire, about his father and that horrible plan he admitted to, about his own actions toward Scott McCall they decreed that the Argents would be stripped of their status as hunters. More than that reparations would be made to the Argent victims. They were all just lucky that the Council decided that Allison should continue at the facility she had been placed with and were picking up the tab. When and if she got out she would have to forge a new life for herself.

He tried to move and realized he was strung from something. He struggled to open his eyes even as he heard a familiar female voice groan from his left. "Victoria?" He whispered.

"Chris?" She murmured back. They had not seen each other since the plea bargain was arranged. Not been allowed to contact each other in any way.

Finally forcing his eyes open the first thing he saw was charred wood and stone. The second was that he was apparently in a ring of candles with a small puzzle box in front of him. They appeared to be in a basement of some kind. One that had been burned out. A glance told him that Victoria was just as stuck as he was, strung from a charred support beam.

"Good, you're awake." A young voice drew his attention back to the front. Lydia Martin stepped carefully up to the ring of lit candles. She looked at them with only the barest hint of recognition, his daughter's friend. "I'm glad. I was tired of waiting."

"Waiting, Lydia. What are you doing?"

"I'm bringing Jackson back." She carefully didn't cross the candles but sat down cross legged in front of the circle. "I spent quite a lot of time getting you two here for this. They only said we needed a set of parents for him but after what your family did to Stiles, well, it seemed most appropriate" she gestured at the box, "Now let's see. She said I would have to scream and that I mustn't touch the box with my skin, you see."

Lydia's eyes flashed and she screamed as the box.

Like it was in some way mechanized the box began to move on its own; to shift and solve itself. A strange tune began to play and as a bell tolled a chill went up Chris's spine. This would not be good.

Lydia

Getting the box had been the easy part. Angelique said that the box always came to wanted it badly enough, those that the Engineer knew would open it. When she had been told that they would need two humans -a man and a woman- to remake Jackson's body, Lydia had first thought about her own parents. Even knowing what would have become of them didn't deter her much.

It was Danny who had suggested the Argents. Danny who had finally stopped merely watching and helped her get them here. Danny who had approached her with information and who she had spoken to in return. He sat at the other side of the circle, silent and waiting. They both knew their parts tonight.

As the box opened fully the air around them seemed to crackle. The tune was complete now, winding its way through the space between them all. The bell echoed loudly in her ears. Finally, the darkness descended. The only light left came from the box giving everything an eerie glow.

From that darkness stepped Angelique, only not as Lydia had seen her.

Her hair was gone, her scalp split open and hooked to her shoulders. Strangely Lydia didn't feel afraid.

"I am proud of you, child." She purred. The Argents jerked back as well as they could in fear. "You have done all we asked for."

"And more" another woman continued, her voice sweet where Angelique's was husky.

Lydia and Danny felt compelled to stand in the presence of this woman. Wings of flesh and leather shot from her back. Spikes seemed to grow from her shoulders down her arms. A crown of wires cut into the flesh of her forehead, causing blood to trickle down her face. Something about her gave the air that she was in charge.

"Mrs. Stilinski?" Lydia heard Danny ask, confused. Lydia looked harder at the woman. He was right, this was Stiles mother.

"Danny it's good to see you doing well. And Lydia, I can see why my son like you for so long. It is almost unfortunate that you and he were not meant to be. But I know you must not be here for that. Say the words and we can get started."

"We come for a lost soul." Danny and Lydia spoke as one, both pushing past their confusion. It was too important not to. "One who wandered into your realm. We would deal to get him back."

"And why should we deal with you?" Angelique asked with a leer, "A new born Wailing Woman and a Human. Maybe we should take you instead of giving him back." She had warned Lydia that this was requirement for the ritual. Still a frisson of fear shot through her. This had to work, Lydia could not lose Jackson.

"You could take us, that is true. But you would not get the same power as you would if we were willing. We ask for our lost soul back for the length of a human life and after you will have three where you had one."

"We will grant you this boon, your lost soul, with one more condition."

"Speak and we will do as we must." Danny responded.

"You will guard my son. All three of you plus one more. Do what you will but you will guard him, for no one may show him the reaches of experience but his parents." Mrs. Stilinski declared.

"I agree" Lydia and Danny spoke simultaneously.

"Good and do you have the means to rebuild your lost soul's body in your world?"

Lydia point toward the two Argents. "We give these two as mother and father so that Jackson can be reborn."

"Very Well then. Jackson" Mrs. Stilinski called into the darkness without turning, "come forth please."

Jackson came into the light of the box. He was naked and not just Jackson any longer. His skin had patches of dark green scales spread

unevenly. His eyes were that of a lizard's. While his hands were human his nails were clearly claws that dripped a clear fluid. There were also patches of mutilation. A series of scars here or a flap of pulled back skin there. Nothing that had any sort of pattern but definitely present.

Without needing direction, he stepped into the circle. His mouth, with their now razor sharp teeth, opened wide. Neither Danny nor Lydia looked away as he devoured the two Agents. Their scream and the wet tearing of their flesh echoing in the space between them. With each bite Jackson seems to be a little more human, a little less lizard.

Finally, it is finished and Jackson steps from the ring in his new human guise.

"One more thing" Angelique murmurs. "You must find your final companion, the two of you."

Jackson

Jackson didn't move as Lydia and Danny clasped hands and stepped into the darkness. His Mistress had told him what would happen and unlike before he was no longer afraid. He would never be human again but both his Master and mistress had been willing to allow him his human guise in order to better serve them. To better protect their son and his chosen.

That another had touched Stiles was beyond the pale. The little Master was claimed by his Master and Mistress. No other should reshape him. And the old man had tried. Would have without the Mistresses gift.

The Master had spoken of the bounty of souls that would come willingly from birth of his human child. Souls that knew what they were getting into, knew everything and would walk willingly into Hell anyway. It would be glorious. And until that time he would be able to send a few more through the schism, if it meant protecting the little Master.

It wasn't long before Lydia and Danny came back through the shadows, leading Peter Hale. As his body still existed in human realm he didn't need the same ritual to be allowed a human form. The scars on his face stood out, shiny and pink. Permanent if Jackson had his guess. But he met Jackson's eyes head on and just like Jackson knew he would always be what his Master and Mistress had created under his guise Peter was also disguised for the human realm.

Lydia's hair had gone stark white, as had her skin and eyes. All color had been leached out of her and her mouth was open like a scream. Then she sucked in a breath and Lydia was there in all her technicolor glory.

Danny seemed unchanged if one didn't look too long at him. Something bulged beneath his skin, distending it strangely. He seemed at once too big and not big enough for his body. After a moment, with no visible action it quieted down. It took longer to douse the madness in his eyes though.

The mistress smiled at them and from the shadows he felt the Master's

approval. "Go now. Our bargain has been met."

End
file.